

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

VOLUME

## TO MAKE A PLAIN STATEMENT PLAIN!

IT would be a more than useless task for us to attempt to describe the color, fit and finish of our entire Stock.

What we would impress you with is that we are prepared to show the Public a very elegant Stock of—

**Richly Tailored Suits,  
Overcoats and  
Trousers,  
For Men, Boys and Children.**

If the impression which you gain from the above concise statement is sufficiently strong to bring you here in person, the work of making you a patron of this House will have been accomplished.

Respectfully,

**B. O. EVANS & CO.**

## SPECIAL VALUES IN DRY GOODS and SHOES.

"We wish we had known you before," is what our new customers constantly say. We have the LARGEST and MOST VARIED assortment of—

### STAPLE DRY GOODS, Men, Women and Children's

Medium and Fine Shoes,

To be found in the City. Our line offers the greatest inducements to WIDE AWAKE BUYERS. Come and see our line of 28-inch OUTFITS for only 40c per yard. 3,500 yards just received.

**D. C. BROWN & BRO.**

P. S.—500 Barrels of the Lee Ballistic FLOUR just received. If you have never tried it buy one barrel and you will always use it. D. C. B. & B.

## IT WILL PAY YOU!

To drop in and see our Goods and get our Prices before parting with your hard-earned Cash, as we are in position to meet all competition, and will save you money on every purchase.

WE have a big Stock of Jeans, Flannels and Staple Dry Goods at prices that never fail to sell.

Also, a big Stock of SHOES, bought before the advance. All we have to do is to show our Shoes and the prices do the rest. They are certainly going fast.

We sell the most popular and reliable brand of FLOUR in Town. Cheaper than you have been paying for inferior stuff.

We always sell the best COFFEE.

We can suit anybody on Tobacco, both in quality and price.

Acids and Fertilizers on hand now.

**BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS.**

## AN UP TO DATE GROCERY STORE.

WE—"THE BOYS"—call the attention of the Ladies to the fact that we have just received a fresh line of BUCKWHEAT, OATMEAL, FLAP JACK FLOUR, FARINA and ROLLED WHEAT. Also, this season's RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRONS and MINCE MEAT. We handle St. Louis FINE CANDIES, and have just received the largest assortment ever shown in the city.

CLEMONS COLLEGE FULL CREAM CHEESE—best to be had—always on hand. Ask to see our 5 pound Coffee, and don't forget we give 8 lbs Soda for 25c.

25c We have put in a Prize for the benefit of the Ladies, and would be pleased to have them call up No. 70. Will be glad to attend to any business for them through our Phone when they don't want to come to the city. Very respectfully,

"THE BOYS," RUSSELL & BREAZEALE.

Phone No. 70. Free and prompt City Delivery.

Below we mention a few Goods on which . . . . .

## WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY!

Doors, Sash and Blinds,  
Builders Hardware of all kinds,  
Syracuse Turning Plows,  
Syracuse Subsoil Plows,  
Rubber Belting,  
Leather Belting,  
Machinery Supplies,  
Pipe and Pipe Fittings,  
Inspirators, &c.  
Sporting Powder,  
Blasting Powder,  
Shot,  
Loaded Shells, &c.

When in the market for any of the above named Goods, or anything in the Hardware line, you will do well to inspect our stock and get our price before you buy.

Yours truly,

**BROCK BROS.**

PROPHYLACTIC—"Preventive of Disease."

## THE PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH!

Unlike other Brushes in Construction, Use and Results.

## IT CLEANS THE TEETH!

—FOR SALE BY—

**ORR & SLOAN.**

### EDISON ON AIRSHIPS.

Startling Plan Suggested to Solve the Flying Problem.

Thomas A. Edison has a solution of the flying machine problem that is at once novel, plausible and simple. He believes that the day is coming when men will fly. But he does not think this will be accomplished either with a balloon or with an aeroplane.

"The trouble with the aeroplane," said Mr. Edison one day last week, "is that it is cumbersome and unwieldy. I have watched with much interest the progress made in the experiments of Hiram Maxim in England. He has expended some \$100,000 in building a track and constructing an immense machine on the aeroplane principle, while Professor Langley of Washington has been making experiments along the same line in this country, but on a smaller scale.

"Theoretically these gentlemen have developed the principle shown by a bird in soaring, such as the eagle and the albatross, either of which can sail for hours in the air without a motion of the wings. I do not believe, however, that the aeroplane principle can ever be developed successfully so that men can fly.

"An immense aeroplane machine like that of Maxim, which carries several men and a small engine, could not possibly be managed in the air. Neither could a small aeroplane sufficient to carry a single man, for it would not be under proper control.

"As for the balloon or gasbag principle," said Mr. Edison, "that has been practically abandoned by all recent experiments along this line. The reason for this is that a balloon forms a body of a large bulk, which is at the mercy of the wind.

"In other words, it is impossible at present to construct a balloon which will carry a machine or engine sufficiently powerful to force it against the wind. The more powerful is your engine or storage battery, the heavier it must be and the larger the balloon to carry it.

"What is wanted is a flying machine that will go in any desired direction under ordinary circumstances. The balloon is unwieldy, and the aeroplane is unmanageable. Now, I have an idea that the proper solution of this problem is to be sought in an entirely different direction. We must abandon both the balloon and the aeroplane.

"I would construct actual ships of the air—yachts, schooners and brigantines—which would back and gybe and sail before the wind. My idea is that the lifting power for these airships should be gas stored in the sails.

"In other words, you apply the balloon principle in such a way that the gasbag, instead of being an impediment as it is at present, would be the actual means of propulsion. I would construct gasbags shaped like the sails of a yacht.

"Take the mainsail, for instance. You could have that made out of two sheets of canvas, say, one or two feet apart and kept in shape by a net. Fill that with gas. Do the same with the jib, the topsail and the flying jib.

"These sails would be actually balloons, which would hold the ship up from the earth, but they could be so set against the wind at angles as to drive her in any direction. The masts and spars could be made of bamboo or any light material.

"In this way an airship could rise from the ground, and it would make no difference to her what way the wind was blowing. A yacht can sail to any particular point so long as there is wind enough to fill the sails. An airship of this kind would only need a good wind, and she could go anywhere, either tacking or running on a beam wind or running before the wind."

"But how would you keep your airships from making leeway?"

"With ballast," answered Mr. Edison. "You could, of course, have a centerboard. But I do not think that would be necessary.

"A proper amount of ballast would keep the airship upright and steady, just as it does when a ship is in the water. She would not then make leeway. She would not blow sideways. She would sail edgewise, just as all ships do at present in the water.

"The balloons, in the form of mainsail, jib and topsail, would form a big surface for the wind to blow upon and would force her ahead while at the same time keeping her off the ground.

"In this way squadrons and fleets could navigate the upper air. We could have yacht races. Who knows but that the near future may witness races for a cup taking place on marked out courses of the sky just as we had the Valkyrie and Defender this year racing on the water? The thing is by no means impossible. I am no flying machine crank, but this is a theory which I am surprised has not occurred to those who are devoting serious thought and large expenditure to the solution of this problem.

"According to the plan which I have mapped out, the one great obstacle in all this question has been overcome. That is the motive power. A balloon cannot carry an engine strong enough to drive it against the wind, and neither can an aeroplane.

"According to my plan, no engine, machine, spring, dynamo or motor is necessary. All that weight is dispensed with. We make the wind itself supply the motive power. There are no fans, screws or windmills, no propellers, no wheels or other whirling devices.

"The mere blowing of the wind on the balloon sails drives the ship ahead in any desired direction, and she can be steered from the stern by an ordinary rudder. There would be less danger in such navigation of the air than in yachting on the water. With an airship properly ballasted and balanced there would be no fear of capsizing, and sudden squalls would be harmless.

"I merely throw this out as a crude suggestion and leave it to others to work up. It is apparent to me that the possibilities of the aeroplane, which two or three years ago was thought to hold the solution of this problem, have been exhausted, and that we must turn elsewhere.

"Where else can we find a plan which better serves the purpose than to dispense with weight and make the air itself supply the motive power? Even the most perfect motor, as applied to the horseless vehicle, is too weighty for a successful navigable balloon."

### TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

An Important Circular in Regard to a Confederate History.

To the United Confederate Veterans of South Carolina:

FELLOW COMRADES: The flattering endorsement of the convention of United Confederate Veterans in Columbia gave the plan suggested and published in various papers, for collecting the facts and data pertaining to the history of the South Carolina troops during the war, prompts me to explain my reason for not wishing to wait for the Legislature to make an appropriation to carry on that work.

To ask the State to appropriate money to be expended to an enterprise in which, perhaps, many of its citizens feel no interest, and less pride, is only giving ground for obstructionists and croakers to oppose it and pour cold water upon it. I have no doubt (and I shudder at the thought) that there are men in this State to-day who might be of some service in this work, who would rather see the records that brave men and women have made for themselves and their State during that eventful struggle destroyed or hid forever from mortal sight, rather than to have them preserved as history to be read and revered by loyal and patriotic generations yet unborn.

The men of our State who in 1861 to 1865 immortalized the name of Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Hill, Longstreet, Stuart, Hampton, Butler, Evans, Gary, Jenkins and many others, are not "deadbeats" knocking at the door of the State treasury, claiming something that is not due them. The work before us is a labor of love. Let the survivors of the different regiments, battalions and batteries, select their ablest and most energetic comrade who will go to work at once and gather up every obtainable incident worthy of note, pertaining to his command, or any individual soldier (dead or alive) connected with it, and let it be written down for the use of the State historian, whose duty it will be to put it in book form. If this work is done thoroughly and promptly, the State authorities will see at once a bonanza in procuring the publication of these records and will willingly pay those who have labored so faithfully in getting them up.

I verily believe it will realize a sufficiency from the sale of the book (after paying all expenses incurred in its publication) a sum sufficient to bestow a bounty upon every disabled Confederate soldier in the State without once cent of expense to the taxpayers.

When the Legislature is asked to raise money to procure the publication of this history, some people will begin to cry: "It's a money machine, gotten up by the old soldiers and their allies to deplete the State treasury or live at the expense of the taxpayers."

Gentlemen, the men who saved the State in its darkest days, are not going to do any such thing; neither do they intend that their enemies shall write their history for them—mark that.

We have a perfect right to meet in convention, with open doors, as we have done, and recount the deeds and recall the memories of the past, without being guilty of any disloyalty to the general government. The war is over. The flag of the nation is our flag. The soldiers of both armies, North and South, can now meet and exchange courtesies, and in the most pleasant and dispassionate manner, recount the incidents of the past, the needs of the present and the hopes of the future, without discord or embarrassment whatever.

Let every old soldier who fought on the side of the South remember that his name will soon be forgotten and his deeds will perish with the cause he held so dear unless he bestirs himself to the duty before him.

If he is an uneducated man who can't write, let him call to his assistance some one who will write for him. In this he will find some men willing and ready to give him assistance—then the noble women of our State.

So there is no reason why a single incident remembered by an old soldier should not be incorporated in the history if it is worth preserving at all.

There are plenty of publishing houses in our State, and many men throughout our country that would be glad to get the publication of these records, and will pay a handsome royalty for that privilege. So let us be up and doing: there is not a moment to lose. No loyal son of South Carolina can distrust his mother State, and he may rest assured that if he does his duty faithfully he will recompense himself for it. A history gotten up to maintain the truth is of incalculable more value than one made mainly for the money, the State might agree to pay for it. Let us work to the hearts of the people rather than their pockets for a true history. Hoping all papers friendly to our course will copy this letter, I am yours fraternally,

JAMES L. STRAIN,  
Adj. Camp Giles, U. C. V.  
Union, S. C.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. V. Schenck, editor of the *Call*, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years of age, was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Hill Bros.

### NEVER LOOKS IN A MIRROR.

It is 17 Years Since This Man Saw His Reflection.

Did it ever occur to you when you have made that easily spoken answer "I can't," to some proposition that if you only made up your mind and put down your foot you could as easily say "I will," and what's more, adhere to the resolution? If you have never thought of this, and you have the time and inclination to consider what a man—or a woman, either, for that matter—can do when he is determined it shall be done, read this story, says the *New York Herald*.

It is about a man who, when he was 17 years old, said to a friend who had been bantering him, that he would not voluntarily look at his reflection in a mirror for twenty years. Think of that length of time! It was just as long as Rip Van Winkle slept, and you know how he changed in that period. Seventeen years of that number have come and gone and this man of strong will says he has kept his promise, and this, too, in the face of all manner of devices on the part of his friends to make him take a glimpse of himself.

This man who does not see himself as others see him, is well known in business circles in New York. There is nothing about him which should make him refrain from having as much use of a mirror as any other man.

About 33 years old, of the average height and well built, his dark face is an intelligent, attractive one, his mustache is well trimmed and his hair, which is somewhat sparse at the temples, is as nicely parted and as carefully brushed as that of any of his fellows. His necktie, too, is tied in the most approved fashion, and indeed his whole appearance is that of a well-groomed man who spends an hour or two every morning before his dressing case, making sure that everything is just so before he presents himself to the gaze of the public.

In the days of his youth he must have been a very handsome boy and there is little doubt that he took as much pleasure from his own image in the glass as any youngster. It may be that he was given to gazing at himself too frequently, for it was from this penchant that this resolution grew.

He was visiting a young lady one day and she caught him looking into a mirror every few minutes. She knew him so well that she felt at liberty to remark:

"I'll wager that you could not keep your eyes from a mirror for an hour."

Perhaps his pride was touched by the innocent words. At any rate, he replied:

"I can, and not only for one hour, but for enough of them to make twenty years."

This was seemingly so preposterous that the young lady offered to make a wager for anything he pleased, then and there, and so the bargain was closed. There are few who know what are the terms of the bet and there may be a nice little romance hidden behind it all. But that is not the subject of the story. Enough it is to know that he says that from that day to this he has never glanced into a mirror, or, in fact, at any surface that would cast his reflection, and those who know him well do not hesitate to say that this is undoubtedly so.

"It was a little inconvenient at first, I must admit," he said to me the other day, "for I knew my hair wasn't parted well and that my necktie must be all askew. But after a few days the awkwardness passed away and you may easily imagine that at this time the last thing I ever think of is looking into a mirror."

He has been shaved in a barber shop in an uptown street, off Broadway, for many years and his peculiarity is known to all the barbers. He was in the proprietor's chair one day and his eyes were closed. The man of razors took a small hand glass, held it close to his face and suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, look!"

But that was an old game to his customer. Keeping his eyelids shut, he turned his face to one side, cautiously opened one eye and then slowly moved his head until he could see that the barber held something in his hand.

"I guess not," he said, as he put out his hand and showed the glass aside. "I have been tried that way too often in the last seventeen years to be caught now."

He has gone to the same tailor for years and he never looks at himself as he donned a new suit. His tailor knows what he wants, is aware that some of his friends would inform him if his garments did not fit him as they should, and, in addition to all this, feels that he is put on his honor to do the right thing by a customer who puts faith in him. And no one can truthfully say that he is not a well-dressed man. So it is also with his hat. He looks at the style of the hat he desires to wear, after having made a careful selection, but he leaves it all to the tradesman and to his friends as to whether in shape and otherwise it is suitable to his face.

Seated in a car on his way to business he makes it a point to hold a newspaper so that by no chance would he see his image should the window pane opposite reveal it. For the same reason he never looks into a shop window, and whenever in a theater, a restaurant or any place where he might have to break his vow, he is especially careful not to turn suddenly. It is needless to say that the arrangement of mirrors whereby one is enabled to

see 100 reflections to himself is as an uncut book to him.

Meeting him in the office of the hotel where he has his rooms, I ventured the guess that the dressing-case in his room was minus a mirror.

"Not at all," was the surprising answer. "Of course there is a mirror there. But it is just as if it were covered with a dark cloth for all that I care. My own room is the easiest place for me to keep from reaking my promise; it is only when I am out in strange places that I am afraid. As I travel a great deal and go to places that I am unacquainted with I must be very careful."

"What has all this taught you?"

"That a man can do many things if he will which may seem almost impossible to him at first blush. It has helped me in many ways. I was a very heavy smoker, twelve or fifteen cigars a day being my average. My doctor asked me to stop on the first of the year, and not to smoke until February 1. I did it without any trouble. No, it was not a New Year's resolution, and probably that was the reason it was not broken, after the first month he told me I could have a cigar after each meal, and I don't eat more than three meals a day."

"When the twenty years have passed will you look into a mirror?"

"I will, indeed, and I think I will take more pleasure out of it then than if I had been looking at myself all the time."

"Does the lady with whom you have kept your vow know how you have kept your vow?"

"Now, now, my boy. Well, I don't mind telling you that she does, and that she has often asked me why I did not give up my foolish resolution. But I told it was for twenty years, and it will be, if I can make it so."

"And what will you win from that lady?"

"Ah, that is entire nous."

Rescued A President.

However poor the Lincoln home may have been, it affected the new child but little. He was robust and active, and life is full of interest to the child happy enough to be born in the country. He had several companions. There was his sister Nancy, or Sarah—both names are given her—two years his senior; there was a cousin of his mother's, 10 years older; Dennis Hanks, an active and ingenious leader in sports and mischief, and there were the neighbors' boys. One of the latter, Austin Gollaher, still tells with pleasure of how he hunted coons and ran the woods with young Lincoln, and once even saved his life.

"Yes," said Mr. Gollaher, "the story that I once saved Abraham Lincoln's life is true; but it is not correct as generally related.

"Abraham Lincoln and I had been going to school together for a year or more, and had become greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being so few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while. One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. Abe and I played around all day. Finally we concluded to cross the creek to hunt for some partridges young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and in crossing on the narrow footing, Abe fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to Abe, who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore. He was almost dead, and I was badly scared. I rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right.

"Then a very difficultly confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience and determined to avoid it. It was June, the sun was very warm and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never mentioned the incident to anyone until after Lincoln's tragic end.

"Abraham Lincoln had a sister. Her name was Sallie, and she was a very pretty girl. She went to school when she could, which was not often. "Yes, if you must know, Sallie Lincoln was my sweetheart. She was about my age. I loved her, and claimed her, as boys do. I suppose that was one reason for my warm regard for Abe. When the Lincoln family moved to Indiana I was prevented by circumstances from bidding good-bye to either of the children. And I never saw them again."—*Chicago Magazine*.

The most remarkable case of a woman giving birth to a child in her old age which is to be found in the annals of medical literature occurred near Fon du Lac, Wis., in 1890. The mother of this bouncing eight-pound infant was Mrs. Louisa Kimball, whose age at that time was 72. The father of the child was 75 years old at the time of its birth.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for cholera and dysentery. I always recommend it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement." For sale by Hill Bros.

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Charles B. Roush.

New York, Nov. 24.—There is no one hardly in the South who would not like to know something more about this wealthy New Yorker, who has offered \$100,000 to establish a Confederate museum or depository for relics, and who, following so closely on this magnificent offer, only a few days since donated \$25,000 toward rebuilding the recently burned University of Virginia.

Of all the interesting characters in this city who have been prominent before the public for the past 20 or 40 years but few now remain. Millionaires are numerous, but they are of the humdrum type, and there is little in their lives to occupy the public attention. There is one, however, whose history reads much like a fairy story, and who, though advanced in years and immersed in business cares sufficient to stagger a man of ordinary strength and vitality, is constantly doing something to astonish these blasé New Yorkers, and it is always something worth relating.

Nearly every one in this vast city who can read is familiar with the history of Charles Broadway Roush, the "merchant prince of Broadway," as he is sometimes styled.

Mr. Roush, as 90 per cent. of American youth, who have afterwards achieved greatness or wealth have done, began his climb very low down the ladder, and slipped once or twice before he had passed many rounds. His history is one of poverty and hardship, first as a poor but respected farmer's boy, leading a dreary, monotonous life on his father's farm near Winchester, Va., restlessly longing for nobler things, yet patiently plodding and performing his duties as he saw them.

When the war broke out he was a small country merchant at Winchester with command of perhaps less than a thousand dollars. This faded away before the advancing armies and he hastened to cast in his lot with his beloved State. When the smoke of that conflict cleared away he was one of the many thousands not only out of an unremunerative job, but minus food and clothes.

In this plight he set out for the home of his conqueror and landed in this Christian city with \$1.80 in cool cash. There were no bunko men then and few showboys on the Bowery, consequently he was not disturbed on account of his large possession.

Fortunately for himself, Mr. Roush was not so modest with his possessions and with pluck and luck and plenty of all horse sense he suffered and battled along in one way and another until he became known as a man who had bought out other men's stocks at auction and sold them again for spot cash at reduced prices.

After his ascent in prosperity in New York began he had a tumble, with debts to the amount of \$51,000 "on his hands," as the saying is, but really I should say on other people's hands. But a little thing like this could not floor this "Napoleon of the auction business." He had only had a taste of wealth and there his real success began when he entered the ring again.

From this time on his career has been one of success upon success. From small cramped quarters he has moved and removed until he finally decided about five years ago to erect the grand building he now occupies, the fine iron building at 549, 551, 553 Broadway, and for which he has spent \$1,500,000. The handsome office is ten stories high, is fireproof and a triumph of the architect's skill and art.

In one of these large front windows is a magnificent life-size painting of General Robert E. Lee by Bruce. Right here I will mention one of Mr. Roush's peculiarities. While he is a noble-hearted, broad-minded man, who has lived 39 years and gained most of his success in the North, yet he is an ardent Southerner and loves the cause and the people for whom he fought. He is never so happy as when he is donating something to some commendable cause in the South, but for that matter there is no more liberal and charitable man in this city when real distress is brought to his attention from whatever section it may come. The remarkable thing about his charities and his donations of other characters is that they seem never to make him poorer. The more he gives the wealthier he grows.

He has, as he deserves, a charming family, though death has only recently bereaved him, one of these being a young son on whom he lavishes much affection and whom he expects to succeed him in perpetuating his sound and profitable business methods.

His already great business is constantly growing and prospering under his guidance, though for the past year his eyesight has totally failed him. Overwork was the cause of it, yet he continues to labor and direct and may be found at his office 13 hours out of every 24. His friends in the South send him many letters of regard and sympathy for his affliction, and they are all gratefully received.

In this short sketch it has been hard to do justice to a character so rich and a history so ripe in interesting anecdotes, but I have not attempted to do more than give a mere outline sketch so that the people of the South may come a little nearer a correct idea of the man who evidently has their interests so much at heart and who cherishes so tenderly the recollection of the annals of his youth so full of adversity though they were.—*E. S. W., in Atlanta Constitution*.

—The corn crop in southern western States is so large that it will be practically impossible to market all of it. Farmers come into cattle and hogs, and in that way. The price of corn is very low, and it pays better to sell. A good deal of corn is in crib and reserved for the price that is sure to come before next corn crop can be harvested. It is a common remark that a large crop of corn is usually followed by a medium crop or one which should have a partial crop next year one-half of the corn reserved now will